NUMB. CLXIV.

The GUARDIAN.

——simili frondescit virga metallo. Virg.

Friday, September 18. 1713.

AN eminent Prelate of our Church observes that there is no way of Writing so proper, for the refining and polishing a Language, as the translating of Books into it, if he who undertakes it has a competent Skill of the one Tongue, and is a Master of the other. When a Man writes his own Thoughts, the Heat of his Fancy, and the Quickness of his Mind, carry him so much after the Notions themselves, that for the most part he is too warm to judge of the Aptness of Words, and the Justness of Figures; so that he either neglects these too much, or overdoes them: But when a Man translates, he has none of these Heats about him; and therefore the *French* took no ill Method, when they intended to reform and beautifie their Language, in setting their best Writers on work to translate the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors into it. Thus far this Learned Prelate; and another lately deceas'd, tells us, that the way of leaving verbal Translations, and chiefly regarding the Sense and Genius of the Author, was scarce heard of in *England* before this present Age. As for the Difficulty of translating well, every one, I believe, must allow my Lord *Roscomon* to be in the right, when he says,

'Tis true, Composing is the nobler Part,
But good Translation is a easie Art:
For tho' Materials have long since been found,
Yet both your Fancy, and your Hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.

Dryden judiciously Remarks, that a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. And a too close and servile Imitation, which the same Poet calls treading on the Heels of an Author, is deservedly laugh'd at by Sir *John Denham*. I conceive it, says he, a vulgar Error in translating Poets, to affect being *literal interpres*: Let that Care be with them who deal in Matters of Fact, or Matters of Faith; but whosoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so shall he never perform what he attempts; for 'tis not his Business alone to translate Language into Language, but Poesie into Poesie; and Poesie is of so subtle a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate, and if a new Spirit is not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain Graces and Happinesses peculiar to every Language, which give Life and Energy to the Words: And whosoever offers at verbal Translations, shall have the Misfortune of that young Traveller, who lost his own Language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: For the Grace of the *Latin* will be lost by being turn'd into *English* Words, and the Grace of the *English* by being turn'd into the *Latin* Phrase.

After

(Price Two Pence.)

After this Collection of Authorities out of ſome of our greateſt *Engliſh* Writers, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a Tranſlation, in which the Author has conformed himſelf to the Opinion of theſe great Men. The Beauty of the Tranſlation is ſufficient to recommend it to the Publick, without acquainting them that the Tranſlator is Mr. *Euſden* of *Cambridge*, who obliged them in the *Guardian* of *Auguſt* the 6th, with the Court of *Venus* out of the ſame *Latin* Poet, which was highly applauded by the beſt Judges in Performances of this Nature.

The Speech of *Pluto* to *Proſerpine*, from the ſecond Book of her Rape, by *Claudian*.

CEaſe, ceaſe, fair Nymph, to laviſh precious Tears,
And diſcompoſe your Soul with airy Fears.
Look on Sicilia's *glitt'ring Courts with Scorn;*
A nobler Sceptre ſhall that Hand adorn.
Imperial Pomp ſhall ſooth a gen'rous Pride;
The Bridegroom never will diſgrace the Bride.
If you above Terreſtrial Thrones aſpire,
From Heav'n I ſpring, and Saturn *was my Sire.*
The Pow'r of Pluto *ſtretches all around,*
Uncircumſcrib'd by Nature's utmoſt Bound:
Where Matter, mould'ring, dies, where Forms decay,
Thro' the vaſt trackleſs Void extends my Sway.
Mark not with mournful Eyes the fainting Light,
Nor tremble at this Interval of Night.
A fairer Scene ſhall open to your View,
An Earth more verdant, and a Heav'n more blue.
Another Phœbus *gilds thoſe happy Skies,*
And other Stars, with purer Flames, ariſe.
There chaſte Adorers ſhall their Praiſes join,
And with the choiceſt Gifts enrich your Shrine.
The bliſsful Climes no Change of Ages knew,
The Golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.
That Golden Age your World awhile could boaſt,
But here it flouriſh'd, and was never loſt.
Perpetual Zephyrs breath thro' fragrant Bow'rs,
And painted Meads ſmile with unbidden Flow'rs:
Flow'rs of immortal Bloom, and various Hue;
No Rival Sweets in your own Enna *grew.*
In the Receſs of a cool, Sylvan Glade
A Monarch Tree projects no vulgar Shade.
Encumber'd with their Wealth, the Branches bend,
And Golden Apples to your Reach deſcend.
Spare not the Fruit, but pluck the blooming Oar,
The yellow Harveſt will encreaſe the more.
But I too long on trifling Themes explain,
Nor ſpeak th' unbounded Glories of your Reign.
Whole Nature owns your Pow'r: Whate'er have Birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of Earth;
Or in old Ocean's mighty Caverns ſleep,
Or ſportive roll along the foamy Deep;
Or on ſtiff Pinnions Airy Journies take,
Or cut the floating Stream, or ſtagnant Lake:
In vain they labour to preſerve their Breath,
And ſoon fall Victims to your Subject, Death.
Unnumber'd Triumphs ſwift to you he brings,
Hail! Goddeſs of all Sublunary Things!
Empires, that ſink above, here riſe again,
And Worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elyſian *Plain.*
The Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave,
Know no ſuperior Honours in the Grave.
Proud Tyrants once, and lawrell'd Chiefs ſhall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their Doom.
The Impious, forc'd, ſhall then their Crimes diſcloſe,
And ſee paſt Pleaſures teem with future Woes;
Deplore in Darkneſs your impartial Sway,
While ſpotleſs Souls enjoy the Fields of Day.
When ripe for ſecond Birth, the Dead ſhall ſtand
In ſhiv'ring Throngs on the Lethæan *Strand,*
That Shade, whom you approve, ſhall firſt be brought
To quaff Oblivion in the pleaſing Draught.
Whoſe Thread of Life, juſt ſpun, you would renew,
But nod, and Clotho *ſhall re-wind the Clue.*
Let no diſtruſt of Pow'r your Joys abate,
Speak what you wiſh, and what you ſpeak, is Fate.

The Raviſher thus ſooth'd the weeping Fair,
And check'd the Fury of his Steeds with Care:
Poſſeſt of Beauty's Charms, he calmly rode,
And Love firſt ſoften'd the relentleſs God.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

The Attila of the Gout, the 2d Edition, with large Additions both of Matter and Proofs of Cures performed. By John Marten, Surgeon. Note, The Author is reſolved never to add more to any ſucceeding Impreſſions, than what is contained in this. Sold by N. Crouch at the Bell in the Poultry, M. Atkins at the Golden Ball in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne at Seneca's Head in the Strand, C. King in Weſtminſter-Hall, J. Iſted againſt St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet ſtreet, and A. Bettelworth on London-Bridge, Booksellers. Price 1s.

Robert Norris, on Snow-hill, having had many Years Experience and good Succeſs in the Cure of Lunaticks, is removed to the Peſtle and Mortar near the middle of Hatton-Garden, where he hath a very convenient large Houſe and Garden, Airy and fit to receive Perſons of the beſt Rank of either Sex, with ſuitable Attendance. Any Perſon applying themſelves as above, may there be ſatisfied, that the Cure ſhall be induſtriouſly endeavoured (and by God's Bleſſing effected) on reaſonable Terms.

Ladies and Childrens Hair is Cut and Curled after the moſt faſhionable Mode, by Mary Newby, Fire-woman, at the Golden Ball in Creed-lane, Ludgate-ſtreet. She changes red Hair to a curious brown, ſhapes Eye brows, and takes ſuperfluous Hair off from any part. She ſells, 1. A Coſmetick that cures Breakings-out, Scabs, &c. and renders the Skin white, ſmooth and ſoft beyond compariſon. 2. A Liquor that takes away Freckles, be there never ſo many. 3. Drops that ſpeedily cure Warts. 4. Pleaſant and effectual Drops for Fits, Vapours, &c. in Women. 5. A Cordial that prevents Miſcarriages, and cauſes eaſie Labour. 6. A Dentifrice that infallibly cures the Scurvey in the Gums, faſtens the Teeth, and renders them white as Ivory. *** She cures the Tooth-ach ſo effectually in a Moment, as that it returns no more.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1715.